

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 7.—VOL. XXII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1810.

NO. 1101.

THE MONKS OF CLUNY;
OR,
CASTLE-ACRE MONASTERY.
—
AN HISTORICAL TALE.
—
(CONTINUED.)

The Countess now exerted herself sufficiently to speak. "If," she said, "the decision of my future fate is to rest in the breasts of the monks of Castle-Acre, why is not father Lanzo, the superior of the community, here, that my fate may proceed from his voice? Why am I to receive my doom from the lips of its inferior members?"

One of the monks replied, that father Lanzo was at that time extremely ill; that his faculties were in some measure deranged, and that he was obliged to be confined to his cell.

"Your words may be true," replied the Countess; "and if they are, I grieve more on his account, than on my own; but, from the kind friendship which I have ever experienced from father Lanzo, I cannot believe that any slight cause would detain him from being present when I needed his counsel and his support. Why, my Lord," she added, turning her eyes again upon the Earl, "have you not summoned my brother to this meeting? You are surrounded by your friends; I stand here alone, and unprotected. By your injustice, your cruelty, and, above all, your hypocrisy, you have now so far forfeited my love and my esteem, which I confess were once both entirely yours, that it is possible for you to change your sentiments, and entreat me once more to remain your wife, no voice on earth could sway me to it: I therefore desire that my brother may be instantly summoned to fetch me hence."

"The instant I am a second time become a husband, Lady, your wish shall be complied with," answered De Warren. "And now I turn me to my destined bride. Lovely Gunetha, thy noble lineage and thy brilliant charms, equally demand for thee an exalted alliance.—Will thou accept the hand which will shortly be once more mine to bestow?"

"Never, my Lord, never!" replied Gunetha, emphatically. "Were it possible for me to cancel from my mind, the first and only impression of love by which it has ever been swayed, I would sooner die than usurp the station of that excellent being, whom you are attempting to deprive of her rights!" Flying towards the Countess, she fell upon her neck, and at same moment exclaimed, "Shade of my sainted father, hover over us, and protect thy child, and this her second mother!"

The Earl rose in disorder and anger from his seat; and commanded Gunetha and the Countess to be instantly separated, and conveyed to their respective apartments. His order was obeyed; and as De Warren quitted the castle hall, darting a fiery look upon Harold, he said, "Thou art not yet included in the objects of my displeasure: as thou valuest thyself, avoid it, by no interference in my actions, or disobedience to my commands!"

He did not wait a reply; and it was happy for Harold that he did not, for it would, perhaps, have been impossible for the generous youth to have curbed the utterance of those sentiments which were rising to his tongue.

The wretched Gunetha had not been long conveyed to her own apartment, ere the Earl appeared before her.—He now addressed her in plainer terms than he had yet expressed himself to her in: he informed her that his passion for her was uncontrollable; that he had resolved she never should become the wife of any man but himself; that if she did not, on the day of her attaining her eighteenth year, consent to give him her hand, he would put into effect her father's design of immuring her for life in a convent; and select one for that purpose, of the most rigid rules and ordinances; that, till this period arrived, he doomed her to imprisonment in her chamber, and permitted her to see no one but himself, and her female attendant; but that, if she would agree to bestow on him her hand, in a few days she should see the Countess repudiated from his bed, and herself raised to every honour, and pampered with every indulgence.

Gunetha treated his promises and his threats alike with scorn; and, in a temper of mind far from complacent, he quitted her apartment, and turned his thoughts towards his Countess. He considered that if he at the present time allowed her to inform her brother, the Earl de Huntingfield, of his intention of repudiating her, it was not unlikely, that seizing upon the first redress which presented itself to him for revenging the insult offered to his sister, he might join his forces to those of Montalt, and, by the junction, work his entire overthrow. It must therefore be advisable for him, he reflected, to prevent the information of his intended divorce from reaching the Earl de Huntingfield, till he had adjusted his quarrel with De Montalt. It could not be conveyed to him by any means, except by a special messenger dispatched to him for that purpose by the Countess herself; and, in order to cut her off from this possibility of redress, he commanded her, like Gunetha, not to be permitted to leave her chamber, and to be attended upon only by one female; against whom he denounced his severest displeasure, in the event of her assisting to forward any plan formed by the Countess for the counteracting of his designs.

The unfortunate Gunetha passed her hours in weeping, and in prayer. The mind of the Countess, more mature in wisdom, and experience of the disappointments of life, devoted herself rather to reflection than to the weakness of sorrow; and endeavoured to devise, but in vain, some method of conveying to her brother, the intelligence of the arbitrary conduct which the Earl was pursuing. Her most anxious wish was to behold the father Lanzo; and she felt at a loss to decide whether he was really ill, or withheld by any sinister means from approaching her; and stated to be ill, merely as an apology to silence her inquiries.

The only attendant permitted by the Earl to enter the apartment of Lady de Warren, was a faithful female, named Alice; her brother was

the porter of the monastery; and hearing her Lady express an earnest desire to gain some certain intelligence relative to the worthy Abbot, she promised her, whilst the inhabitants of the castle were engaged in their evening devotions in the chapel, to visit her brother, and endeavour to gain from him such information as Lady de Warren was anxious to acquire.

The Countess received her proposition with the utmost thankfulness; and when the hour of vespers arrived, Alice set out on her mission, through a range of subterraneous vaults which had been made between the castle and the monastery, in order that the inhabitants of each might have access to the other, in time of hostilities like the present, when danger would have attended any one who had attempted to pass through the open country.

The Countess awaited Alice's return with impatience; and when she arrived, she brought with her tidings that awakened fresh anxiety in the breast of her mistress; her brother had informed her, that the Earl, coming at a late hour on the preceding evening to the monastery, had been shut up for a considerable time in a private apartment with the Abbot Lanzo, and two others of the brethren, Ranulph and Edward; the very monks who had that morning been present in the castle hall when the Earl had expressed his intention of repudiating his Countess, and who had given it as their judgment, that he would be justified in so doing; that after nearly three hours had been passed by them in deep debate, as Alice's brother had judged, by the loudness of the tones in which they had spoken, that he had seen Ranulph and Edward lead father Lanzo to a cell, and lock him up in it; that the Earl had shortly after departed; and that the fraternity had that morning been informed by Ranulph and Edward, that their Abbot had been seized with a fit of insanity, which rendered it absolutely necessary that he should endure solitude and confinement; and that they had taken upon themselves the office of attending upon him.

From this account it appeared evident to Lady de Warren, that the Earl had visited the monastery on the preceding evening, for the purpose of requesting the adjunction of the heads of the fraternity in his design of repudiating her; and that the excellent Lanzo, having refused to grant his sanction to an act which he had considered as an injustice, had been requited for his honesty, and benevolence of heart, with an accusation of insanity, and that scandalously withheld from interference in the business.

These were the suspicions of the Countess, and they were justly formed: the Abbot Lanzo had stood forth her friend and champion; whilst Ranulph and Edward, the creatures of the Earl, had undertaken to execute the infamous deed of imprisoning him in his cell, till the intention of which their patron's breast was now full, should be put into execution, and his dissenting voice no longer of avail.

In torture of mind, Harold passed the night; he did not retire to rest, for he felt that sleep would not visit his harassed frame; but wandered about the galleries of the castle, in the hope

of procuring an interview either with his revered friend the Countess, or his beloved Gunetha. The opportunity, however, was not afforded him; and when the sun arose, cheerless to him appeared its beams; and with an inanition before unknown to him, he proceeded to the performance of his military duties.

Gunetha passed the hours almost constantly at her window, from whence it was a solace to her feelings frequently to behold her Harold on the ramparts; and Harold beheld her with an emotion not less violent than her soul experienced, and alike made up of grief and joy in equal measure. Thus situated, to gaze upon each other was all they were able to do; the space which intervened between them, rendered it impossible for them to exchange their sentiments in words.

(To be Continued.)

TO YOUNG MEN

AN EXTRACT.

To pass through life with any degree of honour to himself, the young man on his first entrance into the world should make choice of proper company. It is not enough that his principles be of the right kind, neither is it sufficient that his mind is pure, and his intention right. His associates must be among the wise, and his companions selected from among the excellent of the earth. Vices are infectious, and the purest principles are liable to be corrupted. The company of the sabbath breaker, the profane swearer, the liar, the drunkard, and the impure is extremely dangerous. When vice becomes familiarized to our view we lose the abhorrence of it almost insensibly, and though we may still appear to walk in the path of obedience, yet we gradually reude from virtue, and by a continuance in such courses we soon are prepared to commit downright wickedness. But this is not all. The wise and prudent will ever shun the society of him whose associates are among the vilest of the vile. But there is yet a kind of intercourse with the world which ever tends to lessen a young man in the opinion of men of pure lives and nice sentiments of honour and propriety. This is a spirit of accommodation to the low and vulgar. A courteous deportment towards all is undoubtedly commendable, for all may justly lay claim to common civility and good offices, but no one is under obligation to receive as bosom companions the ignorant, the profligate, or the vicious. The sober and discreet man will not often visit him who is ever surrounded with the refuse of the earth, neither will a man of good sense and delicacy trust himself among the brawlers of the streets. These considerations should induce those who are forming their characters to erect a standard of company and conversation, and while they are solicitous to treat all with respect, beware of lessening their own value in the opinion of men of virtue and real understanding. Let them equally avoid that haughty and distant carriage which most assuredly will bring contempt, and by a life regulated by the precepts of unerring wisdom, and proper sentiments of honour and dignity, secure to themselves the friendship of the most virtuous and the approbation of their own consciences.

ANECDOTE.

An irregular apprentice frequently keeping late hours, his master at length, took occasion to apply some weighty arguments to convince him of the *error of his ways*. During the chastisement he continually exclaimed, 'How long will you serve the Devil?' The boy replied, whimpering—'You know best Sir—I believe my indentures will be out in three months.'

We are often inclined to consider the same action, either as a virtue or a vice, by the influence of different passions.

A Rhapsody.

I said to myself, look well to thyself,
But a few their assistance will lend;
Yes, the world's so engrossed by getting of pelt,
Even where canst thou find, say, a FRIEND.

I said to myself, look well to thyself,
Lo, the many will spurn thy distress!
And interest at stake, beware of the elf
Who upon thee will merciless press.

ON PEDIGREE,

My mother if thou lovest me, name no more
My noble birth! sounding at every breath
My noble birth! thou killest me. Thither fly,
As to their only refuge, all from whom
Nature withholds all good besides! They boast
Their noble birth, conduct us to the tombs
Of their forefathers, and from age to age
Ascending, trumpet their illustrious race.
But whom hast thou beheld or canst thou name
Derived from no forefathers? Such a man
Lives not; for how could such be born at all?
And if it chance that native of a land
Far distant, or in infancy deprived
Of all his kindred, and who cannot trace
His origin, exist? why deem him sprung
From baser ancestry than theirs who can?
My mother! he, whom nature at his birth
Endowed with virtuous qualities, although
An Ethiop slave, is NOBLY BORN.

EPICHANUS.

The following beautiful lines are copied from one of the benches on the west side of Kensington Gardens:

While bravely struggling in the foaming wave,
The shipwreck'd sailor hopes his life to save;
And, firmly clinging to the floating oar,
At length is wafted to some friendly shore!
For me, alas! no friendly shore appears,
My cares increasing faster than my years!
Deprived of every charm that sweetens life;
No pleasing home—no fond endearing wife,
On whose soft breast I might my cares repose,
And in her circling arms my eyelids close;
But, overwhelmed by fate and anxious care,
My shattered bark is driven to despair!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

An. Celia! have not these fond eyes,
When thine have met them by surprise,
Informed thee what their master meant,
In every tender glance they sent?

Have not those lips, in accents weak,
Faultering essayed in vain to speak?
Yet by their silence, lovely maid!
They told what speech could never have said.

This hand when chance, or when design,
Guides trembling to the touch of thine,
It's trembling, Celia, well reveals
What Damon's anxious bosom feels.

These feet from thee unwilling go,
And move with lingering steps and slow;
To thee how swift they speed their way!
Is there no meaning, Celia? say.

Thus eyes, lips, hands, and feet agree,
To show what Damon means to thee:
They all, my Celia, strive to prove
Thy Damon's only meaning—Love.

He that will be safe from the acts of evil must wisely avoid the occasion.

A CRUEL FAIR ONE.

PERHAPS a more wanton exposure of the life of a wavy man, and a faithful lover, has never occurred, than in the case I subjoin. In the reign of Francis I. M. de Longes, a man of great merit, paid his addresses for a considerable time to a young lady, by whom they were favorably received. The lovers were present at a fight of lions, given on some grand occasion by the moon ch. The lady, with a hideous degree of levity, folly, and cruelty, threw her glove into the arena, and told her lover, if his affection for her was sincere, he must go and bring it to her. Without a moment's hesitation, he undauntedly descended, put his cap over one hand, and took his sword in the other. Very fortunately the lions made no attempts to molest him; and he was therefore enabled to obey the hard-hearted fair without injury. When he returned, he threw the glove at her, with a high degree of resentment for the wanton and unfeeling manner in which she had exposed his life to such imminent hazard. He never renewed his suit.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

From the New Man of Feeling.

HOPE,

Thou soother of distress, thou dernier comfort of the wretched, thy inspiring whisper fills the envious youth with the thirst of glory, and points out immortality as the reward of superior genius. By thy bright illusions the future is clothed in the robes of paradise, which without thy magic power would be bleak as the present, and rugged and unsightly as the past.

FEAR

Is always busy in raising up imaginary, and in exaggerating the real ills of life. It disarms courage and even fortitude; and thus leaving thy mind defenceless, seeks despair from his gloomy cave and invites him to take possession.

CHARITY.

See charity advance, smiling through her tears! Her arms expanded, her heart beating high with universal benevolence. With her right hand she distributes comfort to the afflicted; her left covers the frailties of the unfortunate with the veil of oblivion.

ENVY

Is of the same family with hatred, and is never found but in weak and contemptible minds. It is constantly accompanied by meanness and cowardice, its knowing's are carried on in secret, and its attacks are always directed against excellence it cannot reach.

TRUTH,

Like the resplendent orb bursting on the day develops itself at once, and drives darkness and deceit before it. The reciprocation of truth is one of the greatest blessings, as it enables the human being to approach the divinity, who is light and truth itself. Though arrayed in the robes of humility, truth irresistibly attracts, and fixes the admiration of the beholder.

FALSEHOOD,

On the contrary, tricked out in meretricious finery, may dazzle on the first appearance, but on a nearer examination the mask falls off, and the hideous monster is discovered. Scarce any frailty to which human nature is liable is more odious and contemptible: it not only betrays a silly ignorant head, but a bad heart.

ODD COMBINATION OF NAMES.

During the war before last, there was a ship called the *Terrible*. Captain's name was *Death*; Mr. *Devil*, lieutenant; Mr. *Ghost*, surgeon; she was equipped at *Execution Dock*, and taken, (after the most bloody battle perhaps ever fought at sea) by a French privateer, called the *Vengeance*.

The hand of faith never knocked at Heaven in vain.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, MARCH 24, 1819.

Legislature, and we understand has ever supported an unblemished character.

Vermont Continel.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 30 persons, (of whom 10 were men, 9 women, 6 boys and 5 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. In children 2, of cold 1, consumption 7, convulsions 12, debility 1, diarrhoea 1, dropsy 2, dropsy in the head 3, drowned 1, typhus fever 1, hives 2, inflammation of the lungs 2, measles 1, old age 2, whooping-cough 1 and one of worms.

The drowned person was Patrick Rafferty, a native of Ireland, aged 27 years, by falling into the Albany Basin.

Distressing Fire at Troy.—We learn from Troy, that last Sunday, about 11 o'clock a fire broke out in that village, in the building occupied by Messrs. Wool and King, merchants, and by Mr. Lyon, printer of the Northern Budget, which totally destroyed the same, together with the building occupied by Captain Bill as a hotel; a house and shop belonging to a Mr. Adriance, and the office occupied by Stephen Anderson, Esq. We understand the entire printing apparatus of Mr. Lyon, with all his books and papers and a considerable amount in cash were totally consumed.

Albany Gaz.

On Friday the 16th instant, the city of Baltimore was alarmed by the cry of fire at three different periods. The first was discovered in the upper story of Mr. Foltz's sugar-house in Eutaw-street, the roof of which was burnt. This was supposed to be the effect of accident. The others occasioned by design.—The second fire was in Commerce street, and was first discovered in a house in the occupancy of a Mr. Way. The roofs of two or three of the adjoining buildings were in imminent danger, and were considerably injured. Messrs. Taylor and Montgomery's stables narrowly escaped. During the conflagration a third alarm was spread, which was traced to a stable belonging to Mr. P. Littig, in Market-street, which made its appearance in the hayrick, by a live coal, placed there by some incendiary. The early hour at which it was discovered prevented its doing any material damage. The losses sustained are not known.

Distressing Accident.—We have seldom had to record a more distressing accident than the following, which took place on Monday the 12th inst. As Elijah Kirkum, Esq. of Whiting, Rutland County, Vermont, with his wife and a young child, were journeying to the northward in a sleigh on the ice, in passing a large crack, not far from Col. Allen's on South Hero, Mrs. K. and her child fell into the water, which was only four feet deep. Mr. K. in endeavouring to help them out, also fell in, and the ice being so steep on the side where they attempted to get out, they were unable to extricate themselves. Our informant state, that their cries were heard by two young men at Col. Allen's, who went to them with a pole, which, unfortunately, was about two feet too short to reach them. Mr. K. and his wife told them to run to Col. Allen's for a rope.—The young men went as soon as possible, but found them all lifeless on their return. A strange fatality seems to have prevailed through the whole of this shocking affair. Why they did not think of taking their handkerchiefs, or even of tearing their cloths to add to the length of the pole, is astonishing.—Mr. K. was a member of the

Raleigh (N. C.), March 1.—On Tuesday the 30th of January last, at 2 o'clock, P. M. there was a fall of meteoric stones, in Caswell county. Their descent was seen for a considerable distance round, and two reports distinctly heard at Hillsborough, a distance of thirty miles. A fragment, weighing a pound and three quarters struck a tree in the new ground of Mr. Taylor, near where some woodcutters were at work, who apprehending the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah, ran home without looking once behind them. Encouraged, however, by a woman whose curiosity was superior to her fears, they returned with her to the place and brought away the stone, which was still hot. We understand that Governor Williams, of the Mississippi Territory, (now in Rockingham) intends sending it to the Chemical Society of New-York, to be analysed.—It is, he informs us, of a dark brown color, porous, and probably contains iron.

Miraculous Escape.—Sometime since, a private soldier in the North Devon Militia, named Tolcher, returning from Preston to his regiment at Plymouth Dock, in crossing near Catdown, owing to the darkness of the evening, lost his road, and mistaking the wall erected as a fence to the quarry, for the stile in the pathway, he leaped over it, and fell down a precipice of near 100 feet. In his fall, however, he lodged on a jutting rock, what the quarry men call a head, about a third of the depth of the declivity.—Being rather stunned, he imagined he was on solid ground, rose to walk, and was instantly precipitated to the bottom. Dreadful as was this fall, it did not deprive him of the power of exerting his voice, and his cries soon brought several persons from Preston Dock yard to his assistance, and, marvellous as it may appear, he was in a short time enabled to walk to his quarters, with the assistance of a person to take hold of his arm, although the distance was near two miles. Contemplating the frightful precipice down which he fell, the raggedness of the rocks, and the large masses of stone scattered in every direction, his escape from instant death appears almost miraculous. His body was very much bruised; the forepart of the skull laid open, and the left leg terribly lacerated; yet, as no blood vessel is broke, the poor fellow is in a fair way of recovery.

London Paper.

Remarkable.—A son of Mr. Charles Stewart of Sedgwick, was employed a few days since in felling trees, one of which in descending lodged at the top, which caused it to slide from the stump, and completely wedged him between the falling tree and another. In this distressing situation his loud cries rent the air, which were heard at several miles distance, but were not recognized as signals of distress. During his confinement, nearly four hours, he had the presence of mind to fix something to the neck of his *Faithful Dog*, on which he put some blood. The dog went home, but his badge was not perceived until Mr. S. alarmed at his son's long absence, set out for the woods, when the dog evinced evident demonstrations of joy by alternately running before, returning and fawning. When he was discovered by his father he was speechless.—He was immediately liberated, and after procuring a sleigh removed home. His thigh bone was much fractured—Hopes are entertained of his recovery.

Eagle.

COURT OF HYMEN.

WHAT greater blessing can kind Heaven send
Than a sincere indulgent Female friend?
What comfort is it, when the mind's depressed,
To lodge our sorrows in a faithful breast!

MARRIED,

On the 9th of April last, by the Rev. Mr. Lyell, John Cooke, Esq., of this city, to Miss Ann Milner, of St. Thomas, daughter of Robert Milner, Esq. of that Island.

On Friday evening the 16th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Romeyn, Mr. Charles King, son of the Hon. Rufus King, to Miss Eliza Gracie, daughter of Archibald Gracie, Esq.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Keyper, Mr. Orlando Harriman, to Miss Anna Ingland, only daughter of Mr. William Ingland, all of this city.

On Saturday last, at Huntington Long Island by the Rev. Mr. Schank, Mr. Walter Ireland, to Miss Ann Bryant,

At the same place and time, by the Rev. Mr. Schank, Mr. Heaviland Wicks, of this city, to Miss Mary Scudder of Huntington.

At Philadelphia, James Robertson to Miss Clarkson.

MORTALITY.

How delusive is hope!—O how transient the stay
Of the sunbeam that gilds our terrestrial scene!
How short is the pleasure of man's brightest day,
And the arrow of Death, O how piercingly keen!

DIED,

Lately, Mr. Nicholas Ten Eyck, of this city, in the 32d year of his age.

On Thursday last, Mr. Hugh M'Garraghan, grocer, a valuable citizen, and an honest man.

At Minden, Montgomery county, Abraham Van Horne Esq. in the 72d year of his age.

At Norfolk, Robert Smith, of Prince Ann.

At Philadelphia, Capt. William Blair.

Those of our Subscribers who are indebted to the Editor, for one or more years subscription to the New-York Weekly Museum are earnestly requested to pay their accounts when presented, or if convenient, send the amount to the Office.

Many of our Subscribers think, that the trifling amount of One Dollar and fifty cents is no object; but when they consider, that two or three thousand of these trifles collected together they must perceive that it is of great consequence to the Editor.

Distant Subscribers can make payment through the medium of the Post Office.

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IS IT WISE TO MARRY?

CONSIDERED PRO AND CON.

FOR I'm bound in Hymen's fetter
Tight to a wife, 'tis worse or better,
I'll sit me down, to count the cost,
And see if more he gained than lost;
For who, that's wed, would e'er go through it
And brook the clang of Scandal's bruit,
To exchange an evil for a curse
And make a bad condition worse?

A single man meets many a trouble,
And oft, in vain, seeks pleasure's bubble;
No home, but the wide world to flee to,
No bosom friend he may be free to,
No heir his fortune to inherit,
Or charm his age with rising merit—
These are the plagues, and great ones too,
That each unmarried blade pursue.

Next let us turn the canvas over,
And see what scenes we there discover,
If smoother flows the tide of life
Beneath the influence of a wife.

Now matrimonial strife arises,
And love, affrighted, Hymen flies;
Now curtain lectures tease or dun one,
And female gabble threatens to stun one;
If you remonstrate, tears or fits
Shall draw or drive you from your wits,
And yield you must, or life before ye
Is but an earthly purgatory.

Your children, bawling, deaf your ears,
Or chase your mind with anxious fears;
One proves a fool, and one ungrateful,
One turns a thief, and one deceitful,
Your hopes are gone, your choice repented,
You live unblest, die unamented.

Thus either state his care and wo too,
But one or t'other all must go through,
The only choice, where none is level,
Is, which uneven road to travel.
This choice I now had thought to make,
One road pursue, and one forsake;
But find determination tough,
Where both, God knows, are—bad enough!

THE DAY-STAR.

Aurora sleeps upon her dewy bed
While on her eye-lids gentlest visions play,
Nor let escape a vagrant ray.
O'er Night's star sprinkled field to tread,
With feet unbidden—or invade the right,
Of him who walks with undiminished light,
And undivided rule, the heavenly way,
Phosphor, the herald of the coming Day.
Supreme he moves the shining ranks along;
The shining ranks their bounden homage yield,
And carol to his praise their matin song,
As erst they sung, from ear profane concealed.
But soon thy glory, Lucifer, and theirs,
Shall vanish quite, in greater glory drowned:
For lo! the Morn, awake, uprears
Her glowing forehead o'er the eastern bound,
And greets the western hills. She guides
The Chariot of the Sun, and rides
With sounding thong and burning wheels,
The clear expanse his influence feels,
And stars and shades are lost.

CONSOLATION FOR NEGLECTED BARDS.

In vain for present fame you wish,
Your person first must be forgotten;
For poets are like stinking fish,
They never shine till they are rotten.

To those affected with Coughs, Colds, Asthma, and Consumptions.

There is, perhaps, no medical observation better established, none more generally confirmed by the experience of all ages and countries, and none of more importance to the practitioner, than the fact that many of the most difficult and incurable complaints originate in neglected Colds. In a climate as variable as ours, where the changes of the weather are frequently sudden and unexpected, it requires more care and attention to guard against this subtle and dangerous enemy of life, than most people imagine, or are able and willing to bestow. Hence the vast numbers of patients afflicted with coughs, catarrhs, asthmas, and consumptions. The many cases of the kind which fell under my observation, the disappointments I experienced in practice, from remedies highly recommended, and my own predisposition to pulmonary complaints, were strong inducements for me to consider whether a compound, consisting of mild vegetable substances, could not be invented, more free from the well founded objections of practitioners, and better calculated to avert the threatened destruction of the lungs.

I have the satisfaction now to offer the public such a remedy, under the name of

VEGETABLE PULMONIC DETERGENT,
well adapted to various constitutions and habits, and to declare with the fullest confidence, that I have found this composition far superior to others intended to answer the same purpose. I am perfectly satisfied, practitioners who have frequently to combat the effect of suppressed perspiration, and do not neglect the use of the lancet and other evacuations whenever they are indicated, will place this medicine on the list of their favourite remedies.

N.B. The above named medicine is secured to the subscriber, by letters patent from the President of the United States, and prepared at his dispensary, in Northampton, county of Hampshire, and state of Massachusetts, price Two Dollars a cake, and for sale by the following gentlemen in this city, who are appointed agents, viz. Doctor Daniel Lord, 77 Water-street; Mr. George Hunter, 150 Front street; George Hunter, jun. 3 Albany basin; Messrs Hull and Bowne, druggists, 146 Pearl-street; Messrs G and R. Waite, booksellers, 64 and 38 Maiden-lane; Dr. John P. Fisher, 106 Broadway; Doctor John Clark, jun. 91 Maiden-lane—Doctor Rabineau and Co., 302 Broadway, corner of Duane-street—Mr. Charles Harrison, printer of the Weekly Museum, 3 Peck-slip; Doctor Hubert Johnson, druggist, 49 Bowery-lane—Robert Birch and Co., 120 Pearl street.

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